

THE
E P I S O D E
OF
A R I S T A E U S,

TRANSLATED FROM THE FOURTH BOOK OF
The GEORGICS of VIRGIL;

BY

The Honorable Percy Clinton Smythe.

" *Cupidum* PATER OPTIME *vires*

" *Deficiunt*——— HOR.

" Chose too, to consecrate his fav'rite strain

" To *Him*, who graced by every liberal art

" That best might shine among the learned train,

" Yet more excelled in morals and in heart—

" Whose equal mind cou'd see vain fortune shower

" Her flimsy favors on the fawning crew." MASON.

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MDCCXCV.

THE VISION OF ST. AUGUSTINE

The contents of my manuscript are
not only of great interest but also
of great value to the student of
the history of the Church. The
author's treatment of the subject is
both original and thorough. The
evidence is carefully selected and
presented in a clear and concise
manner. The work is a valuable
contribution to the history of the
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To the RIGHT HONORABLE and REVEREND,
The VISCOUNT STRANGFORD, &c. &c.

THO' conscious of my inability to express in the manner I would wish my affectionate and grateful attachment to the best of Fathers, yet I cannot deny myself the heart-felt delight of assuring him of my most respectful duty, as the opportunity that now occurs of presenting a TRANSLATION of part of the Fourth Georgic of VIRGIL, induces me to solicit a continuance of that partiality which is my pride and boast.—I am but a young Poet, and therefore charmed to think, that one of my earliest productions is destined for the indulgent eye of a beloved Parent, and not the severe scrutiny of a Critic.—I conceive myself unfortunate in the metre of this humble attempt, which is rather adapted to Elegiac than Narrative Poetry, but did not perceive my error 'till the Episode was nearly completed.—You who have always kindly guided my studies, know that I am perfectly unacquainted with *any Translation* of my Favorite Bard, which will in

some degree apologize for the many inaccuracies with which this attempt is replete.—Allow me again to bespeak your protection and indulgence, and to thank you a thousand times for the unwearied care and attention you have paid to my education, which has never experienced any of the inconveniencies to which your limited income might have subjected me. May I have it in my power to repay by my improvement the best of Friends; and may the most indulgent of Fathers long continue to bless our little Circle, is the fervent wish of

Your very attached

And dutiful Son,

PERCY CLINTON SMYTHE.

Dublin——— }
December 1st 1795. }

S O N N E T.

Imagination oft depicts the scene

That minstrels tell of fam'd Parnassus' height,
Whose sacred springs, and groves for ever green
Have oft (in fancy) charm'd mine eager sight.

And oft at eve, in many a raptur'd dream

Have I each fav'rite of the Muse survey'd—
— Or seated by Castalia's hallow'd stream,
Or stretch'd at ease beneath some bow'ry shade.

Thee too I saw——far, far above the rest,

Virgil! first charmer of mine infant breast;

From whose immortal lamp, a thrilling ray,

Throughout my soul with kindling lustre shot;

Nor whilst with beamy light the God of day

Illumes these eyes——shall VIRGIL be forgot.

PERCY CLINTON SMYTHE.

A R G U M E N T.

Aristæus, son of Apollo and the nymph Cyrené, was passionately enamoured of Eurydice, who, flying from him on the day of her marriage, with Orpheus, was bitten by a serpent, and died immediately: Her Nymphs, grieved at this misfortune, destroyed all the Bees of Aristæus, on which he descends to the watery Palace of his Mother, she advises him to visit Proteus, and compel him to disclose the cause of the calamity.—This God being subdued by the Youth, relates to him the adventures and melancholy fate of Orpheus and Eurydice:—Cyrené then commands her Son to appease the manes of the latter, by sacrificing four Heifers and as many Bulls, out of the entrails of which proceed several swarms of Bees.

THE
E P I S O D E, &c.

*" Pastor Aristæus, fugiens Peneia Tempe,
" Amissis, ut fama, apibus morboque fameque,
" Tristis ad extremi sacrum caput astitit amnis,
" Multa querens," &c. VIRG. GEORG. LIB. IV.*

I.

LEAVING fair Tempe's sweetly smiling vales,
Rest of his bees, sad Aristæus flood;
Whilst thus, with broken voice, he loud bewails,
And mourns his loss, o'er sacred Peneus' flood.

II.

" Parent Cyrené! from the pebbly deep
" Of this cool fountain, hearken to my pray'rs,
" O wherefore am I thus condemned to weep,
" And waste mine hours in—unavailing tears?

The E P I S O D E *of*

III.

- " O wherefore am I sprung of heavenly race
" Why do I own the Delian for my fire?
" If driv'n from thy maternal kind embrace,
" I feel each torture, that the fates inspire.

IV.

- " Why dost thou bid me hope the joys of *heav'n*,
" When ev'ry *earthly* bliss is snatch'd from me?
" Each comfort kinder fortune e'er had giv'n,
" Is wrested from me by her harsh decree.

V.

- " Come on then—ravage,—burn,—destroy my land;
" Open the mossy flood-bank,—let the wave
" O'erwhelm my crop,—and with revengeful hand,
" Let ruin forth,—nor pity aught,—nor save!"

VI.

His mournful plaint now gains his parent's ear,
Who 'mid her nymphs, the busy distaff plied;
Clio and Beröë a matchless pair,
Of ancient Ocean both the joy and pride:

VII.

Both in the leopard's dappled spoils array'd,
Both girt with glitt'ring belts of flaming gold:
Here fat Phyllôdocé, whose ringlets played
Around her neck, in many a waving fold:

VIII.

The tawney maid Lycorias, and the bride,
Who erst had sought Lucina's friendly aid;
Drymo, and Arethusa at her side,
Ere love seduced her, Dian's favor'd maid.

IX.

Here sweet Cymôdocé her task pursues,
Here Deïopeia turns the rolling wheel,
Here Clyméné aloud invokes the Muse,
And bids each heart the soft enchantment feel.

X.

She sang the mystic charms of tyrant love,
That pow'rful tamer, of the human heart;
How gods, how men, alike are doom'd to prove
The pleasing torments of his keenest smart.

XI.

She fang the Lemnian artist's jealous care,
 From rival Gods his blooming prize to hide,
 How Love inspir'd the warlike God to dare
 A thousand dangers for the beauteous bride.

XII.

Charm'd with her strains, they heeded not the sound
 Of grief, that floated on the fount's calm breast,
 Until his woes again attention found,
 And the known voice his parent's soul possess.

XIII.

Amaz'd, they start—their chrystal seats they leave,
 When Arethusa raising high her head
 To view the cause, ascends the amber wave,
 And to Cyrené thus aloud she said,

XIV.

“ Well might'st thou heed that mournful voice of pain,
 “ That voice of pain, from Aristæus flows,
 “ Who bending o'er his parents wat'ry reign,
 “ Bewails with bitter sighs his many woes.

XV.

“ Cyrené thus—The youth here quickly lead
“ Thro’ the wide Grotto’s of our deep abodes ;
“ For unto him, is by the fates decree’d
“ To view the habitations of the Gods.

XVI.

“ Ye tributary streams, ye founts divide,
“ Leave in the midst the pebbly passage free ;
“ Ye Naiads turn your moss-bank’d rills aside,
“ Nor lead your wat’ry course athwart the way.”

XVII.

’Tis done—The youth descends—with eager gaze
He marks the torrents which around him flow,
Views shady groves, and fields with wild amaze,
With all the wonders of the realms below.

XVIII.

Erīdanus adorn’d with golden horns,
Who wildly rushes thro’ the Latian meads ;
Where Caïcus, where Lycus, pour their Urns,
And where his rapid stream, old Tyber spreads.

XIX.

He saw smooth Phasis steal along his shore,
And where Enipeus rais'd his reed-crown'd head ;
Hypânis rushing with tremendous roar,
And deaf'ning clamor, o'er his rocky bed.

XX.

He enters now his parents cool retreat,
Where hanging pumice, form'd a secret bow'r ;
Impervious to the waves that idly beat
Around its rugged fides, devoid of pow'r :

XXI.

His tender parent plac'd him by her side,
And own'd the favor'd object of her care,
High sparkling bowls of wine some Nymphs provide,
Others with joy the sumptuous feast prepare.

XXII.

Some burn Arabian gums, and cedar sweet,
Some draw cool water from the chrystal spring—
The rest the tables load with choicest meat,
Or softest napkins to the stranger bring—

XXIII.

Cyrené then commands the youth to take
Two foaming bowls of Lydia's choicest wine,
A sacrifice to Ocean's God to make ;
Then bids him in the mystic rites to join—

XXIV.

Three times the sparkling draught the Goddess throws
Upon the flames, to ancient Neptune's praise—
Three times the curling flames on high arose,
Whilst the cave's polish'd roof reflects the blaze—

XXV.

Her mind with these auspicious omens fir'd,
She thus relates : " In deep Carpathia's bay,
" The sea-green Proteus dwells, in shades retir'd,
" Far from the penetrating eye of day.

XXVI.

" Drawn by his two legg'd steeds, (a wond'rous pair)
" Oft times he traverses the wat'ry way ;
" This hoary headed sage our Nymphs revere,
" And Fear compels old Nereus to obey.

XXVII.

- “ The secrets dark, of Fate’s mysterious womb,
“ This wond’rous prophet knows, and knows alone,
“ What were, what are, and what are yet to come,
“ To him are by the pow’r of magic known.

XXVIII.

- “ In adamantine chains, him must thou bind,
“ And *force* to tell the cure for all thy woes,
“ Nor hope by prayers, or tears, to move his mind,
“ For ’till compell’d, he nothing will disclose.

XXIX.

- “ Fear not, altho’ the varying God should turn
“ To many a monstrous form, himself to free,
“ Tho’ he like loudly hissing fire should burn,
“ Or as a flowing stream glide swift from thee:

XXX.

- “ Or as a Dragon toil to burst his chain;
“ Or in a Tyger’s horrid likeness roar,
“ Tho’ as a Lion he should rear his mane,
“ Still keep thy hold—nor give the conflict o’er.

XXXI.

“When panting Shepherds flee the mid-day heat,
“To seek a shelter from Sol’s scorching rays,
“Myself will lead thee to the cool retreat,
“Where lock’d in sleep, thou may’st the prophet seize.”

XXXII.

She spoke—then scatter’d perfumes round his head,
And in ambrosial dew, his limbs she bath’d,
Delicious odors o’er his form she shed,
Then thro’ his Soul, a secret courage breath’d.

XXXIII.

Worn by the dashings of the roaring wave,
Deep in a winding mountain’s hollow fide,
There lies (half-hid from mortal eyes) a Cave,
Where tempest-beaten barks in safety ride—

XXXIV.

There wildly-spreading sea-weed twines around,
By varying nature form’d in artless grace,
There glitt’ring chrystals strew the rocky ground,
And coral wreaths, the fretted fides embrace—

XXXV.

Involv'd in thickest clouds of ebon night,
Beneath the shelter of the dripping roof,
The youth conceals himself from human sight,
His anxious parent swift retires aloof.

XXXVI.

Now fultry Sirius burns the parching plains,
And Aether reddens with the solar fire,
Now scorch'd with Phœbus' rays the Indian swains,
To the close coverts of the grove retire.

XXXVII.

Now weary'd with the labors of the day,
Cerulean Proteus sought his grot's cool shade,
Whilst scattering around the briny spray,
The monstrous sea-calves in the waters play'd.

XXXVIII.

From the high summit of a tow'ring rock,
His scaly herd with care the God review'd,
Survey'd the number of his sportive flock,
And then—to slumber sinks—with heat subdued.

XXXIX.

So careful Shepherds at the close of day,
Count o'er their folds returning from afar,
Whilst the gaunt wolf lur'd by his fleecy prey
Prowls round the flock, intent on nightly war.

XL.

Just as the sage compos'd his limbs to rest,
The youth rush'd onward with tremendous sound,
And as he lay supine with toil oppress'd,
In weighty chains his aged form he bound.

XLI.

The captive Proteus with fierce anger glows,
Tries ev'ry method to effect escape ;
Now burns like fire, now as a river flows,
And now assumes some horrid monster's shape.

XLII.

But when he saw his wiles were all in vain,
In his own proper form he stands confest—
And with a thund'ring voice and threatening mien,
These words to Aristæus then address—

XLIII.

- " Whence art thou daring youth and what thy name,
" Who bade thee to my secret court repair,
" Thy business in this sea-girt cave proclaim,
" Or is it as a foe thou comest here ?"

XLIV.

- " The secret sorrows of mine aching heart
" O Proteus ! well thou know'st," the youth reply'd,
" And ev'ry sting of stern misfortune's dart—
" For nought from thee can we (poor mortals) hide"

XLV.

- " To seek renewal of the joys I've lost,
" To learn the secrets of the fifters three,
" Have I, O Proteus landing on thy coast,
" By force of arms enchain'd and vanquish'd thee."

XLVI.

Then his fierce bosom boiled with flaming ire,
And secret fury rankled in his breast,
Whilst his green eyes shot pale and livid fire,
The dark decrees of fate the God confest——

XLVII.

- " 'Tis the just vengeance of a God he cry'd,
" That hath 'amid thy hives this famine sent,
" 'Tis Orpheus, raving for his long-lost bride,
" Inflicts on thee this direful punishment.

XLVIII.

- " T' appease Eurydice who whilst she fled—
" Impetuous Aristæus thy embrace,
" Observ'd it not—but with unwary tread,
" Prent a blue crested snake amid the grass.

XLIX.

- " She sank in death—her Nymphs a mourning band,
" Fill'd Rhodopé's wild rocks with sorrow vain,
" Bade Hebrus' flood, and the Mavortian land,
" With Orithyia echo to the strain.

L.

- " Thy spouse sweet bride! bewail'd his hapless love,
" Oft by the rising morn, or Cynthias' beam,
" Thou by the sounding beach or silent grove,
" Wert, O Eurydice! his constant theme.

LI.

- " Thro' the Toenarian gate he bent his course,
" And enter'd gloomy Pluto's dire abode,
" Where by his hollow shell's melodious force,
" He sooth'd to peace the unrelenting God.

LII.

- " Drawn by the music of his melting song,
" The shad'wy Ghosts the godlike bard surround,
" From ev'ry part of Erebus they throng,
" And list'ning stand—attentive to the sound.

LIII.

- " Here mothers with their helpless babes were seen,
" And godlike Heroes' still undaunted shades,
" Here valiant youths before their parents slain,
" With aged fires and pure unspotted maids.

LIV.

- " In numbers equal to the gath'ring flocks
" Of tender birds, which winter's ruthless pow'r
" Drives from the shelter of their native rocks,
" To seek a dwelling on some kinder shore.

LV.

- " The ninefold horrors of the Stygian bound,
" These realms of never-dying grief enclose—
" Here dark Cocytus girt with weeds around,
" Unrippled by the breeze in silence flows.

LVI.

- " The furies fierce, the pow'r of music feel,
" And Cerberus, Hell's triple headed guard,
" Ixion rests upon the tort'ring wheel,
" Whilst Tartarus subdu'd bends to the Bard.

LVII.

- " His spouse again to liberty restor'd,
" They quit the gloomy mansions of the dead,
" Eurydice *behind* attends her Lord,
" For this injunction, Proserpine had laid.

LVIII.

- " But ah! a sudden madness seiz'd his mind,
" No more on Proserpine's commands he thought;
" He turn'd—he cast one anxious look behind,
" If Hell could pardon, sure a venial fault.

LVIX.

- “ In one unguarded hour those joys were lost,
“ For which the Stygian horrors he had dar’d,
“ A groan thrice echoing o’er Avernus’ coast
“ (The mournful signal of his woe) is heard.”

LX.

- ‘ Returning to the realms of blackest night,
‘ My Orpheus whence this madness sad she cried,
‘ What envious pow’r denies to me the light,
‘ And snatches thee, O Orpheus from thy bride.

LXI.

- ‘ The stern commands of Proserpine t’obey,
‘ Behold my Orpheus from thine arms I go,
‘ Debarr’d for ever from the light of day,
‘ Again I join the gloomy shades below.’

LXII.

- “ Farewell—for e’er farewell”—the hapless fair,
“ In lightly curling smoke dissolved away,
“ Her mournful lover stood—in mute despair,
“ Alas to phrenzy wild—the certain prey.

LXIII.

- " How shall he heal the deadly wounds of grief,
" How ease the tortures of his throbbing breast,
" In what, ah ! what shall he obtain relief,
" Or to his soul impart a moment's rest.

LXIV.

- " Th' infernal pilot of the shades no more
" Would waft him o'er the Stygian ninefold bound;
" Nor is it now permitted to explore
" The horrors of the dark Tænarian ground.

LXV.

- " Sev'n moons alone, by desert Strymon's shore,
" He mourn'd his bride in sweetly plaintive song,
" And by his music's all bewitching pow'r,
" Tam'd tygers fell and drew the woods along.

LXVI.

- " So Philoméla pours her piteous moan,
" Robb'd by some peasant, of her callow brood,
" When from the quiv'ring poplar's shade, alone,
" She fills with sweetest melody the wood.

LXVII.

- “ Warm’d by no second Love, he fearless goes,
“ Bewailing Hell’s decree o’er desarts wild,
“ O’er regions cover’d with eternal snows,
“ Where Spring’s luxuriant bounty ne’er had smil’d

LXVIII.

- “ The Thracian maidens with resentment fir’d,
“ For nuptial rites, and love refus’d with scorn,
“ Against the hallow’d minstrel’s life conspir’d,
“ And from his snowy neck his head was torn.

LXIX.

- “ Eurydicé still faltered on his tongue,
“ Whilst floating down meand’ring Hebrus’ tide,
“ Eurydicé! Eurydicé! he sung,
“ Eurydicé the rocky shores replied.”

LXX.

Thus having spoke, amid the deep profound,
And circling waves immerg’d the hoary feer,
Whilst visiting again the sacred ground,
The fond Cyrené came her son to cheer.

LXXI.

- " Banish my son this causeless fear," she said,
" The Nymphs attendant on the maid appease,
" 'Tis they who have this weight of sorrow laid,
" And sent these plagues amid thy thriving bees.

LXXII.

- " Select four Heifers and four milk-white steers,
" Erect four altars in the shady wood,
" Address the sylvan Nymphs with vows and pray'rs,
" Then sprinkle on the turf the foaming blood.

LXXIII.

- " The slaughter'd cattle in the forest leave
" 'Till the ninth morn appears in light array'd,
" Then to the Bard Lethean poppy give —
" A tender Calf and black lamb to the maid."

LXXIV

- Swift to the leafy shade the youth repairs,
And there his Parents' sacred will obeys—
Four altars on the mossy turf he rears,
On which with eager haste the kine he flays—

LXXV.

On the ninth morn the offended bard it appease,
 The pious youth presents the oblations due—
 When strange to tell— black swarms of buzzing bees
 Forth from the slaughter'd beasts in columns flew—

LXXVI.

Thick as a cloud they make a circling flight;
 Now swoop, now rise, now on the poplar bough
 The closely gather'd swarms fatigued alight
 And like to grapes in purple clusters shew.

PERCY CLINTON SMYTHE.

F I N I S.

